Stanford White's Art Adorns Memorial Book de Luxe

Great Architect and Designer's Son Shows Father's Many Sided Talent in Dignified, Comprehensive Volume

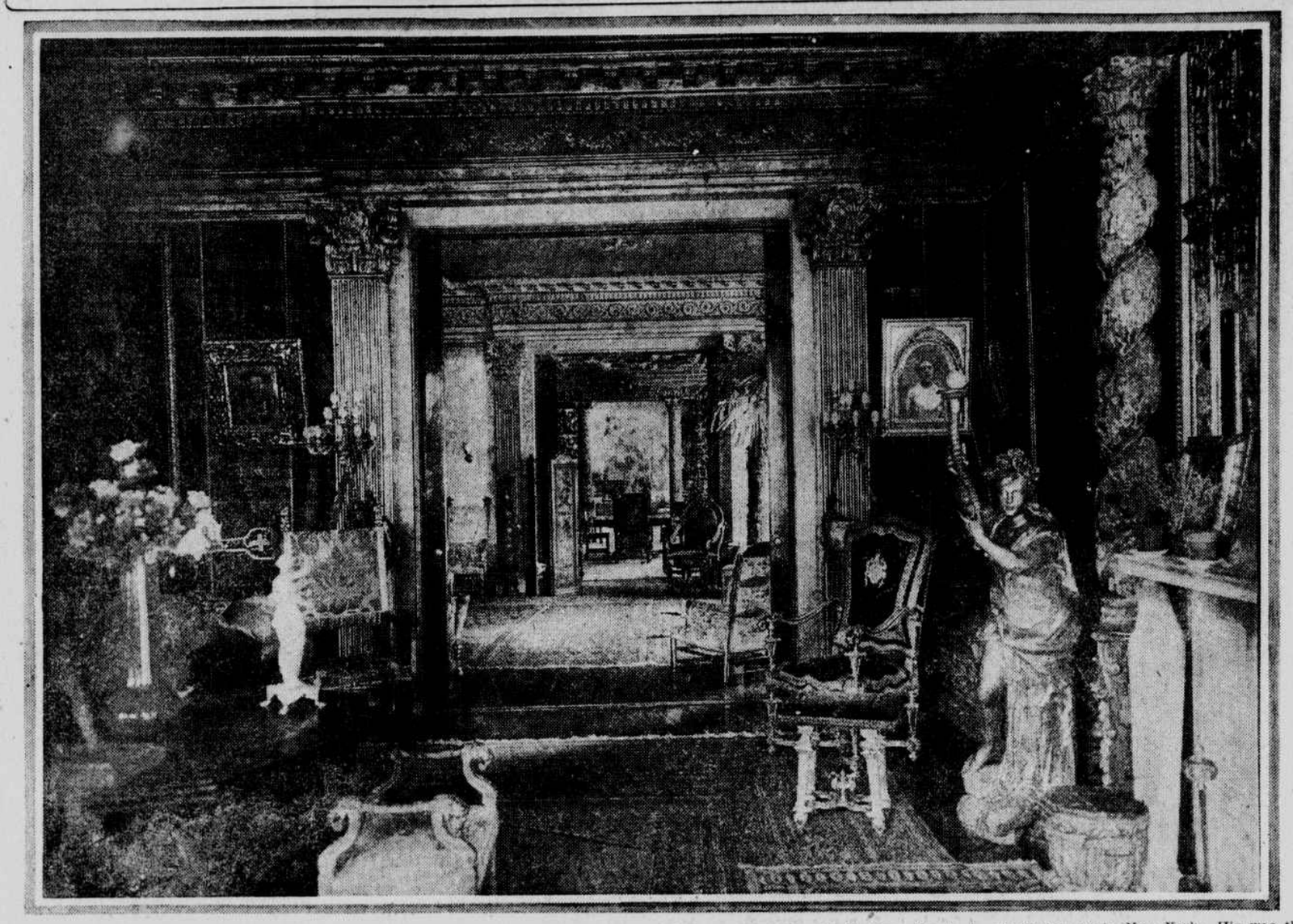
Stanford White's Gifts to Humanity

THE virile, filial tribute to Stanford White offered the public by Lawrence Grant White is indeed a monument, dignified, worthy of its subject and of its author.

In terse text, as convincing as it is truthful, is sketched with masterful stroke the ambition, the struggle and the realization of the dream and effort of the man who, undoubtedly, by his instinct of the beautiful and the imposing of his will and knowledge, has contributed to the spiritual welfare of our country many fold more than any other individual. What America owes Stanford White is as incommensurable as it is intangible. He was one of the great imponderable forces of nature, impossible to define but which gives that accent to a nation that takes it out of the commonplace. Wherever one of his edifices stands there the atmosphere is clearer, the people are better, life is gentler and inspiration rife, thus reflecting through his master work his force and gentleness, knowledge and imagination. There is no architect who has not, consciously or unconsciously, benefited by his inspiration, no community or hamlet that has not felt the purifying breath of his influence. As an incentive to emulation this book is indeed a precious contribution to those who aspire.

Whitney Warren

The main floor of Stanford White's former home at Lexington avenue and Twenty-first street. The unusual depth of the lot permitted the arrangement of the main rooms en suite, the drawing room, the stair hall, the dining room and the music room forming a wonderful vista. Fire did much damage to the house, and afterward most of the remaining art subjects were sold.



ARCHITECTURE, sometimes called elder sister of music and sometimes frozen music, earns the latter title in another and invidious sense at times. In its history, old as the race itself, there are found barren tracts when all it did—if it did anything—was to repeat itself. Then it appears to be "frozen," indeed.

As compared to its sister arts, genius attaches itself to this art rarely; few names in any modern century seem to be unmistakably great in it. As a consequence those that are eminent generally receive due recognition in their lifetime and a niche in the hall of fame after it. Stanford White had this kind of recognition in full measure in life, but a satisfying resume of the various ways in which he excelled as architect, artist and decorator has never been made until now.

Appraising Stanford White's Worth.

It appears in a great book, truly of the de luxe kind, suited to the subject, which was a labor of love for the author and compiler, who is Lawrence Grant White, son of the late Stanford White.

Every phase of the artist's many sided talent is exhibited in reproductions from original drawings, photographs and paintings. The text which describes the artist's aims, ideals and accomplishments is not diffuse but concentrated on the divisions in a terse, yet attractive and dignified manner. Artists and architects, who were privileged to see the work before the public did, pronounced it worthy of its subject and its author, and a true monument to the former. The book is published by the Architectural Book Publishing Company.

Whitney Warren, a distinguished architect, who freely acknowledges personal indebtedness to the great designer for ideas and encouragement at the beginning of his own career, thus speaks of the book:

"The convincing and truthful text sketches the ambition, the struggle and the dream, as well as its realization, of the man who, undoubtedly, by his instinct for the beautiful and the imposing of his will and knowledge, has contributed to the spiritual welfare of our country manyfold more than any other individual. What America owes Stanford White is as incommensurable as it is intangible. He was one of the great imponderable forces of nature."

It is as well to linger for a moment on the important services rendered to American art by Stanford White for the reason that many persons, forgetting or neglecting their opportunities to measure his genius by means of great buildings, think of him mainly as a decorator and collector of objects of art. So he was, but this was the least side of him. It takes undue place in the public mind because of the great public interest, almost notoriety, attendant upon the dispersal of the furnishings of his New York home and the collections it housed.

Away from the Conventional.

Household decoration at that epoch in New York may be said, without offence, to have been at a low ebb, and the exquisite examples of carved chairs, consols, tapestry and other hangings, brasses and iron work designed by old masters, as shown in this dwelling, caused a profound sensation and has led to emulation not always happy in its issue. For it was perhaps naturally forgotten that the home of an artist like Stanford White, who responded to every sincere example of art, would be apt to take on the look of a vast, luxurious studio. In the imagination and, indeed, the memory of a travelled connoisseur, the general effect of an invaluable collection, such as this one, takes on a very different aspect than it shows to the unskilled observer. Wherever a bronze of Benvenuto Cellini meets the artist's eye—and it may be neighbor to a work of art centuries later—his inner vision sees it in its proper environment.

Stanford White was born in New York city on November 9, 1853. His father, Richard Grant White, a distinguished scholar and critic, is year by year receiving more general recognition in literature than he received during his lifetime. The father was the centre of a group of writers, painters and musicians, and his sons early felt the influence of this delightful atmosphere. In 1872 Stanford had chosen his career and began it in Boston in the office of H. H. Richardson, a leading architect of the day. While engaged upon the drawings for the Trinity Church in Boston he formed the closest friendships of his life, with Charles Follen McKim, a fellow draughtsman, and the sculptor, Augustus Saint Gaudens; both subsequently were intimately associated with his work, McKim as his partner, and for much of Saint Gaudens's sculpture White designed the architectural setting.

A trip abroad in 1878 marked a turning point in the career of the young architect. His son writes:

"The first hand knowledge which he gained of the masterpieces of art stirred his sensitive nature to its very depths, and opened new vistas of beauty."

Six crowded sketch books showed his earnestness and ardor, and some of these appear in reproductions, while others, careful copies of drawings by Holbein and Leonardo, were proofs of the great delight he gained from the composition and color of paintings in the European galleries.

The partnership of McKim, Mead & White, formed June 21, 1880, was of great import to the city of New York. McKim built in the grand manner, imparting a noble, intellectual quality to his work. White was his antithesis. Says his son:

"He was exuberant, restless, a skyrocket of vitality. He worked at terrific pressure and produced a great many buildings, which are graceful and charming rather than imposing, and often profusely ornamented."

"For twenty years," writes John Jay Chapman, "Stanford White was the protagonist of popular art in New York. His was the prevailing influence not only in architecture but in everything connected with the arts of design and decoration. He was the greatest designer that this country has ever produced. And yet he was as much an interpreter of the age as he was an originator."

The free style characterized White's first buildings, but in 1884 occurred a change in style and thereafter his work is almost invariably based upon the classic tradition. At this time he visited Europe again, this time Italy, Greece and Constantinople. On his return the inspiration he had received at once began to bear fruit. His most prominent buildings of this period are the Century Club House and the Madison Square Garden. Both are designed in the exuberant style of the Renaissance with profuse ornamentation.

Later and purer and more restrained designs are the Washington Arch (for which White devoted his services for the design), the Judson Memorial Church in Washington square, the Metropolitan Club and the New York Herald Building.

In 1896 he designed the main group of buildings for New York University, from which his father had graduated and he himself had received an honorary degree of M. A. in 1881. A movement is now under way to place bronze doors in memory of Stanford White at the entrance to the library, the central building of this group.

It was, however, states the author of this book, in his design of private houses, both city and country, that he found his most congenial task. He was fortunate in having clients who gave him free rein for lavish decoration. In order to furnish their houses he made frequent trips to Europe and returned with carved doorways, mantels, rugs and tapestries.

This brings us back to the starting point which is the enormous influence he exerted in educating public taste to appreciate the decorative arts of the Old World.

When reproached for thus despoiling the Old World to embellish the New, White defended his actions by saying that in the past dominant nations had always plundered works of art from their predecessors, and as America was taking a leading place among nations she had the right to acquire art wherever she could.

In the latter part of his life Stanford White designed three buildings which had a distinct influence upon American architecture—the Columbia Trust Company bank, the Gorham Company's building and the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. The recent demolition of the last named is felt by architects generally as a real loss to the city.

Stanford White's own house, at Twenty-first street and Lexington avenue, was known as a gallery of beauty. The unusual depth of the lot permitted a series of rooms to open on each other. The drawing room was hung with red Genoese velvet; other rooms on the same floor were the stair hall, the dining room, with rich carved wooden ceilings and Renaissance tapestries, and the music room, containing his father's collection of musical instruments.

Many Treasures Lost in Fire.

On the floor above was the picture gallery, with open timber roof and great stone mantelpiece. The pictures in his collection were mainly decorative, few of them being by painters of great renown. The house, in fact, contained a surplus accumulation of objects of art that was the fruit of many years of patient collecting. The best of his pictures and many of the tapestries were burned in a disastrous fire in 1905. The remainder was sold at auction shortly after his death.

Without undue emphasis, the son of Stanford White fixes the artistic reputation left by Stanford White in the following words:

"The widespread influence which he exercised was threefold. His buildings were seen and admired by all classes, from the man in the street to the millionaire; the artistic and literary public he reached through his designs for picture frames, magazine covers and bindings, and by the importation of original works of art of all kinds and their skilful use in the embellishment of splendid houses he brought his clients and their friends into personal contact with the best obtainable examples of the decorative arts of the Renaissance."

Fired by Thusnelda, the Fireless Cook

With No Automobile for Her Dog to Ride In, the End Was in Sight From the Beginning of a Story That's Only Too True

By JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON.

SHE had a weird look in her port eye, this battered craft, who had sailed on many seas of gravy, as she weighed us in the balances and found us wanting.

Wanting what? An automobile—that was all! We had not even a Rolls-Worse to our name. In a moment of weakness we said that maybe we would buy an Elizabeth, but we hadn't.

"You bane no got him yet?" she seethed out of a billowy fifty-six. "How bane the little Billy to go for his ride?"

We didn't know, having lived in the country only a short while, that dogs had to be exercised in cars, and we said so.

"You bane cheap skate," said the Fireless Cook. "My poor little dog bane have no exercise. Me no take him on chain for mutts to bark. Me bane give notice now."

Out of Her Class.

Thusnelda gathered up her aprons and her caps and her pedigreed white poodle and made ready to go away from our town. When one lives in the country and wishes to keep cooks one should certainly have an automobile, sometimes to take the goddess of the pots and pans for a ride, and especially for her dog, for many cooks these days have pets with pedigrees which out those of our own dogs to the bar sinister. Billy cost her $100 not so long ago, and his kennel name sounded like a sonnet. She had borne much with us, but when the word came finally that we could not see our way clear to buy even a Tin Lizzie to take him on his country jaunts, with the understanding that our own dog was to stay at home as out of his class, she dismissed us then and there.

There was a loud fanfare when Thusnelda first arrived only ten days before, bringing with her a poodle and a package of dog biscuits, a green parrot in a red cage, and a small trunk with a red stripe on top. "I bane not bring all my baggidge—eh," she said. "I leave him in my apartment in the city—I rent him all the year round—yah—Live there when no find good place."

Being on probation with a fireless cook like Thusnelda is a nervous strain. She is fireless these days because she has made herself immune to discharge by saying before she comes that maybe she will stay, if she likes to—for a week, anyway, say at $20 to $25 the week to start and more after the first month.

"Where bane das ingebar, what?" she asked the first night she came. She stayed ten days, and every day we had to scour the shops of the city for the infallible ingredient, without which she could not really unlimber her culinary art. Through department stores and wholesale groceries and in little dens in the Swedish quarter we looked for the ingebar that was not. Even Billy sniffed contemptuously when she roared up the dumbwaiter, "Ingebar, where is? No got?"

She found it one day—das ingebar what? It was plain ground ginger, the zinziber of the botany, and denounced the household in good set terms for not having known the name of the precious condiment.

Thusnelda had advertised that she was capable of taking entire charge of the house. She was. If she could not find the ingebar she had the mental ginger herself to take command of a regiment. She woke us at six and when we did not come down at promptly seven for breakfast she called forth in tones that sent the echoes flying that we had broken our word and that she would leave. Billy was always on the leash, poised on his toes for flight. He seemed a winged beast, ready for the journeys of his billowy owner.

Every morn the bulging divinity below stairs announced that she was just about ready to leave. She didn't see how she could stay. The fire did not draw; the fire was too hot; the oven was not right; the pans were the wrong shape, and the pots did not boil. Where she had come from she had had two kitchen maids to help her, and now she had none. She cooked one real meal a day; the breakfast was a threat, the luncheon a mere promise.

The getting of dinner began at 9 o'clock in the morning and was conducted with impressive ceremonies and much garlic all through the day. At 6:30 Thusnelda took off her apron and washed her hands and took Billy for a plebeian walk. When it rained she hired a taxicab at the station and let him stick his nose out of the window for ozone. It made no difference about the family gathered about the dinner table—they could wait on themselves, and they did.

"Such a hard place," she said when the day was done. "It bane a place to make Thussy's legs ache."

The Day of Parting.

The day of parting came at last, when the Rolls-Worse did not come, and a special bathroom was not built for her, and something had been said about the unholy alliance between ingebar and garlic. She had advertised for a new place and was bitterly disappointed with the fewness of the replies—so hurt that she threatened to give us another trial and stay. She had only received 148 answers to her inquiry if some one wanted a real good cook and $100 was the lowest offer she had received. All of these offers were from persons she had never seen and who referred not to references at all. The answers to her advertisement continued to come for ten days after her hegira.

"There bane not so many," she said. "Few I no like."

She had opened only about twenty-five of them, and after she had gone large quantities of the sealed envelopes addressed to "Housekeeper" were found about the premises. They make good paper for coaxing fires in the early hours of these autumn mornings. Her last words were to the effect that she bore none any ill will, and in token thereof she invited us all to visit her in her home in New York, or later, if we were travelling in the way of the Midnight Sun, to her estates in Sweden, which she hoped to have in about three years if things went well.

The story of Thusnelda and her dog and the special bathroom is a true story, and, alack, only too true! She was the precursor of many other fireless cooks and maids of all work who had come, stayed for a day or so and gone their ways to swell the agency fees. There was Francine, for instance, a widow from France, accompanied by her hopeful son of 5, who had consented to stay a little while to see if she could possibly stand us. The first day petit Jacques broke down the door and cursed the gardener. When he was rebuked, his mother, like Niobe, dissolved in tears and was borne away cityward on the tide of the woe of her own making.

"My poor boy," she moaned. "My poor little boy, that one should speak crossly to him when he desired that he should play as he would. Rather would I die the thousand deaths than that my brave little son should be hurt in his feelings."

Then there was Millicent, who rebelled because she could not go out to the movies or a dance every night in the week and come in at 4 o'clock in the morning. She thought that if she got up at 8 that was plenty of time enough, for why did folks want to commute at such unseasonable hours, anyway?

Then, too, there was Mildred, who did like the country in a way, but felt that she could not stay unless there was an automobile which she could have exclusively one day a week for her gentlemen friends. Besides, she had to visit her sister three or four miles away every day or so, and she did not like to have her come over every time in the limousine. Turn about was fair play, said Mildred, and one cannot be under obligations all the time, even to one's relatives.

Eight or ten ebony ladies had called to promise that they would so arrange their domestic affairs that they could come, but when the time came for their dawning there was not a cloud of them in sight. They all promised solemnly that they would appear again, but they never even sent word that they had changed their minds.

In City and Country Alike.

Whether one lives in city or country, the situation with regard to domestic servants is about the same. The few thousand servants of all classes who have come in by the way of Ellis Island in the last few months have either been hired at high wages or have gone in for factory work or some other phase of industry. The general houseworker has disappeared almost entirely from our ken. The once humble slavey is working in the laundry or in the store at $20 to $25 the week, perhaps more. She scorns domestic service and leaves the field to either high priced cooks or to the workhouse waifs and relicts of the jail.

"Isn't it possible for one to get any help these days without appealing to the criminal classes?" asked a woman the other day, after she had rid the house of a feminine drug addict with a Rogues Gallery thumbprint.

In the good old days it was customary to exact references, but even at the high class employment agencies little or no attention is paid at present to such formalities.

"*Mais non,*" as the Over Dragon of the employment agency says. "Madame or Monsieur does not really in these days desire the reference," and that just about settles the matter.

The giving and expecting of references from servants is one of the things which is not done at all. It is to be expected that the employer shall give the equivalent of a reference if need be, but it is all out of style for the once humble servitor to give any account of his or her past. This free and easy method of engaging help has been productive of numerous jewel robberies, and many a jewel of a servant has got away with the family heirlooms, but so great is the demand for domestic help of some kind or other that the employers are perfectly willing to let the insurance companies do all the worrying on the score of theft.

The taking of supplies and the sending out of the best in the larder to the friends and families of servants has become so common a practice in some houses that little is thought of it.

Often the family has to subsist on rather short commons, because the cook or the chambermaids had a certain appetency for the fare which was intended for those on the top of the stairs. The era seems to have gone by when the servants' hall feeds on corned beef and cabbage, when the master of the house has sweetbreads or lobster. There must be portions for all who are in that dwelling.

The Vanishing Cream.

It was only the other day that the chatelaine of one of our large country houses complained bitterly that there was so little ice cream for the table, especially as there was company and the hostess desired to impress a second helping. The investigation showed that, although two gallons had been made, the waitress had only served the smallest possible quantity to the "quality." That evening the waitress, the chambermaids and certain chauffeurs, domestic and imported, had all the frozen felicity they desired.

"You have not the nerve to discharge those girls," said the irate cook. "There are more of them than of me. Therefore, *voila* (or words to that effect)—I go." And he did.

It seems only a short while since the second drawing of the tea, and the second running of the water through the coffee percolator was for the help below stairs in some niggardly menages. That time also has completely vanished into the mist of the things that were.

Out of the travail of the present situation "Down Stairs" is growing a new order. The high wages which many persons are willing to pay for really efficient help will bring into the service of the household eventually, in the opinion of authorities on domestic economy, the modern household assistant, working in eight hour shifts and going her own way after the day's work is done. As long as the hours and the pay are practically the same as those which might be offered by the factory or the shop, it is likely that a new and far higher class will come to preside in the kitchen and that the home may gain an efficiency and refinement of management which it has never hitherto known.

Crew in Training For Aeroplane Ship

MITCHEL FIELD, Long Island, has taken on a decided atmosphere of the sea since the cutting down of the army air forces made room for the navy, which has moved in and has a contingent in training to fit a nucleus crew to form the complement of the new aeroplane ship Langley.

It is expected the converting of the Langley, formerly the Jupiter, will be completed in time for the vessel to take part in the winter manœuvres of the Atlantic and Pacific fleets when the mobilization at the Pacific end of the Panama Canal takes place. The navy is building another aeroplane ship, the Wright.

This will be the first time aeroplane ships will have taken part in the war game of Uncle Sam's great fleets, although scout and battle planes have figured in them at Guantanamo, but always flying from a runway on the big guns of the battleships themselves.

The Langley will have a runway for planes of the land type, more than 500 feet in length and taking in the whole width of the ship. There will be no obstruction on the spacious deck, even the stacks and the ventilators will emerge clear of the runway. The lookout stations and bridge will be beneath the landing "field." In the body of the vessel will be a great machine shop, with many repair departments and assembling rooms for planes. The Langley has the distinction of being the first electrically driven ship in the navy. She is of 20,000 tons displacement, 542 feet long, with a beam of 65 feet. During the war she was used as a collier.

At least three types of land machines will be used on the Langley, and possibly two types of seaplanes. At present at Mitchel Field there are four De Haviland 360 horsepower Liberty motors, land planes, dual controlled; eight Vought 180 horse-power Hispano-Suise motors, dual controlled; four Curtiss JN-6 150 horse-power, dual controlled and two English SE-5 single seaters equipped with Colts and Marlin guns.

There are twenty officers, fifteen chief petty officers and about 160 enlisted men of less rating in the navy contingent under training for the Langley.